

Communion

*For you I have worn well,
red my foulness*

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all plenitude it was
a morning where no one veil traced
roughly about the neck
becoming a shell
for salvation
with which it suited well

the swellings of our flesh

but
it matters not which
façade is donned simply
out of humility

[so we rive sans delectation]

Synthesis

a complex whole so formed

from skin graft,
the chiseled-into.

We share a desire for cellular
communiqué, bone
music; a hymn
of scratched throats
& tongues.

The body as *rough & smooth*

--a dénouement in concrete

--swollen syrxinx, doubled-up

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wherever hands search-out exaction--where follows the sensation
of missing flesh--you are here, and
with a new thread

weave the finer slits.